

# Blossom And Blood

## Midnight Oil

You, the mothers who sent your sons  
Wipe away your tears  
For those who fought and those who fell  
Become our sons as well  
You the warriors with your words  
Throw away your spears  
You talk of times of peace for all  
And then prepare for war  
All the people with dreams, all mothers with sons  
All people with dreams never woken at night by the sound of guns  
Like a child that's born on a moonless night  
Like a child that's born, we parachute down to an unknown fight  
This city of blossom and blood  
This city suffered more than it should  
These sidewalk silhouettes  
Not washed away, not washed away  
Whatever you've done  
Whatever you've done  
Whatever you've done  
There's a hope in the heart says never again  
Whatever you say, whatever you say, whatever you say  
It's the price of peace to remember that day

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